

THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

VOL. V.

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No. 7.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(Continued from page 42.)

Philadelphia, May 25th, 1795.

I have become much dissatisfied with my situation since your absence. The most prevailing mode of instruction here appears to consist in certain graces, as they are termed, such as to speak with an assurance of superiority; and to adopt fashionable courtesies, altogether inimical to candour or true modesty. But what chiefly excites my disgust, is the hatred to industry which is inculcated without reserve, and if one should be caught at employment, the question is immediately asked, "how miss can you possibly find entertainment in such ungenteel exercises, fit only for people of a vulgar turn." I think that the cultivation of these graces is attended with serious consequences, and if not the cause of the contempt to which we are subjected, it at least exposes us to derision and many false conclusions. Have we not heard the inferiority of female intellect ascribed to a natural void common to the sex, and that subordinate stations were designed for a people radically defective? Perhaps degeneracy has given rise to such an opinion, for levities, especially if having long existed, justly incur censures proportioned to their enormity. I confess myself, however, totally ignorant of the enquiry, and shall therefore not pretend to maintain a controversy in our favour. There were times when such a degrading belief would have been considered as the highest absurdity; but circumstances have wrought a rapid reverse. Comparison is much to our disadvantage, yet I nevertheless recur with pleasure to the æras when the sex had a good claim to excellence and genius. So rare now are those qualities which distinguished many of our ancestors, that it is rendered a matter of exultation, whenever any thing more than outward respect is ceded to us.

How often have I admired the character of the unfortunate Jane Grey? how often lamented that her example is so neglected and forgot? "At the time" says Mr. Ascham, in a letter to his friend, "that the rest of the company were gone out a hunting, and to their other amusements, I found—O Jupiter and all the gods!—this divine young lady reading the Phædo of the divine Plato in Greek, with the most consummate diligence.

Aristotle's praise of women is perfected in her. She possesses good manners, prudence, and love of labour: she possesses every talent without the least weakness of her sex: she speaks French and Italian as well as she does English: she writes readily and with propriety: she has more than once, if you will believe me, spoken Greek to me."

Is it not much to be wished that all of us were actuated by a similar spirit, that such shining conduct might supersede the frivolous avocations, and limited, useless talk which engross the ladies' attention both at home and abroad?

Nothing need be added to enhance the esteem you have professed for our good and mutual friend. A singular circumstance occurred lately, the particulars of which I learned from him, and shall make use of the present opportunity to relate them.

A young man who was indebted to nature for an acute understanding, and feelings of a very refined and delicate cast, had in early life, almost secluded himself from society; preferring the amusement and information he derived from study to all the varieties which conversation or company could afford. His only recreation consisted in a solitary walk from his dwelling to the banks of the river Schuylkill. In one of these excursions, happening to be thirsty, he entered a neighbouring house, in which was an old lady, amusing herself with some domestic animals; she requested him to be seated, and called in a young girl, who since proved to be her daughter; when his request was mentioned, she obeyed with alacrity, though without receiving in return the usual compliments upon the occasion, as he was never accustomed to express more than his feelings dictated. On leaving the door, he unluckily stumbled over a step that was placed before him; this occasioned the immediate assistance of the ladies he had just left. Not being materially injured, he rose up intending to pursue his route; but the eager intreaties of his hospitable attendants, who expressed earnest consternation at what had happened, impelled him to step again into the room. A slight contusion upon his head, caused an effusion of blood; this very much affrighted the ladies, as their fears aggravated the wound, and led them to conclude that he had sustained a serious injury. They insisted that imminent danger was to be apprehended, in case he should venture out before some medical advice was taken. The daughter, who from the first showed great compassion for the stranger, now made a preparation

and modestly requested permission to bathe the part affected: but this was positively declined, and on her repeating with much eagerness, the danger to which he would be exposed if a speedy application did not ensue, he began to survey in silence, the figure before him. He could not conceive why she should be interested in attending him, and from the obligation he believed himself under for the confusion produced, was determined to refuse any other service that was offered. The young lady had a countenance every way calculated to please; an animated sweetness accompanied her words and jesture, and her deportment was such as to entice the admiration of all who knew her. I have already told you, that the stranger inherited a sensibility susceptible of the most tender compassion, and his heart was fraught with a genuine warmth, which on more occasions than one, kindled into a dangerous flame. It was impossible for him to be indifferent, when the ardour in his behalf was urged with such an impassioned tone; he not only yielded, but secretly deplored the necessity that prompted a separation from one who evinced such extraordinary kindness, without even a knowledge of his person.

The time was now come for his departure, but before he went, the old lady wished to be informed of the place where she could learn of his perfect recovery. Without hesitation he satisfied her, and gave his name that no mistake might be occasioned. He left them, saying that in a few days he hoped to return with the desired news himself, and make a suitable acknowledgment for the favours he so unexpectedly received.

Thus, events so frivolous as to be entirely disregarded, frequently give a new turn to pursuits in life; sometimes diffusing felicity and joy where sorrow and distress prevailed, and again disturbing repose and content, by casting in their place some baleful woes of fortune.

True indeed, he bore the tidings of his health with a mind conscious of how much was owing to his benefactors; but little expecting the blasts which the unhappy visit engendered. His sentiments, by successive interviews became gradually affianced to the young maid, who, in healing one wound inflicted another far more bitter and poignant. The family to which he thus attached himself, was respectable, though not affluent. This daughter was the only surviving offspring; she could not be insensible to merit so conspicuous as that of her lover's, and in a little while their passion ripened into a firm reci-

procal affection. He fondly believed, that his employment would be productive of sufficient emolument to defray the calls of the nuptial state, and with that prepossession, contracted the matrimonial alliance. Every thing accorded with his wishes in the onset; reposing in the sweetest enjoyments of conjugal love, nothing was seen to militate against his tranquillity. With the increase of family, his means were diminished, and he entered into some promising speculation to retrieve his situation. But alas! his plans not being countenanced, fell fast into oblivion; debts constantly accumulated; he saw his partner, the inmate of his bosom, pressed by relentless penury, ready to meet an untimely end—his infant gasping for sustenance, threatened to be the first victim to calamity; and the prospect of a dreary prison daily presented itself to the unfortunate parent. What could be done? Labour had been searched for, but in vain; in beseeching charity, he was repelled by every menial wretch, and at length, forced to his miserable home, unprovided and neglected. One last resort yet appeared.—He looked with dreadful apprehensions upon the objects he was about to leave; yet could not endure their cries, more tormenting than to suffer death in the most terrible shape. The fatal knife performed its deadly charge, and the victim expired in horrific agonies.

He left a sad memorial of his crime and its unjustifiable motive, in the few following words:

"Often has my wearied soul asked, why should life be deemed an object?—Persecuted, impoverished, driven to distraction by the groans of all that could be dear; day only appears to increase my misery, and night to forbid sleep from mitigating my tortures. Dreadful indeed is the prospect, even hope is fled from my habitation; a midnight incendiary or a speedy death is my only alternative. Dark and mournful is my fate.—Let no one murmur at the deed."

The distracted father was not unknown to our friend. The rumour of this rash act, and the circumstances which gave rise to it, reached him at the same moment. He flew before it was too late, and rescued the bereaved widow and orphan. When she discovered her husband a mangled corse, her senses immediately fled. The neighbours assembled to witness the awful catastrophe, and through their assistance, in a few days, she was restored to reason. But she refused all sustenance, and incessantly called on the name of the deceased, so that few expected her to survive the melancholy deed. But life had still an attraction. The thought of leaving a beloved child to the frowns of a friendless world, induced her to comply with the proffered relief. The unremitting attention and humane conduct of one, who has already received abundant blessings from the indigent, contributed to bear her through these adverse scenes with all the calmness that extensive misery would admit.

Adieu.

(To be continued.)

in the seven of bumblebees

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE AMERICAN IDLER.

NO. I.

....." Nil fuit unquam,
Sic dispar sibi"

IT is a rash and foolish attempt, said Jack Listless, (to whom I communicated my plan, and showed him the title under which I intended to write.) "It is a foolish thing in you" cried he, "whose habits of idleness and inattention are so deeply rooted, that you never yet could shake them off on any occasion, to attempt to write at all, but still more so to attempt the conducting of a periodical paper. Writing or composing original pieces, is not so easy a thing as you imagine; it requires deep thought, and great attention, and I know that perecranium of yours is no more calculated for study, than that of a handsome girl's of sixteen." But my friend returned I, let me explain myself more fully. I do not mean to set up for a "*censor morum*," no, no, far be it from me to rail at the failings of others, when I possess so many of my own. If I do make any observations on them, it shall be in a good natured way; or if I see them become vices and crimes, may then perhaps attempt to show them in their proper colours. You say I am not calculated for deep study, true neither do I ever intend to attempt it. Do not suppose I mean to ape the contemplative philosopher, or rigid moralist. I know as well as you my incompetency for either. Metaphysical or profound essays of any kind were never much read by me.—"Trifles light as air," are much better suited to my taste. And I shall warn my readers not to expect from me, essays remarkable either for elegance of diction, or originality of thought. Jack was not, however, to be convinced by all my reasoning, and left me, prophesying, I would soon repent of my undertaking.

As soon as he left me, I determined to pursue my plan, with all the industry I was capable of. Idle I naturally am, and as good fortune would have it, my circumstances enable me to indulge myself to my heart's content. Some I know will say it is an unlucky circumstance, that I am so situated as to be able to live so unprofitable a life; they consider "Idleness as the root of all evil." I shall not attempt to controvert the truth of the remark, for controversies I am determined entirely to avoid. This much I must acknowledge, my time often hangs heavy on me, and this circumstance is in a great measure my inducement to make a beginning as a writer.

Among the various methods Idlers take to spend time agreeably, *gambling* is one of the most fashionable. This source of entertainment I never try. What little portion of sense I have, teaches me that it is one of the greatest curses, and one of the most destructive and wide spreading evils that exists among mankind. I therefore shun it altogether. Another method is smoking, here

again I cannot follow: the practice is disagreeable to me. Whenever I am in company with any of my idle friends, segars are introduced, and I have thought that could I but join-in, my time would pass along far more pleasantly. When the weather is fine, I saunter about to enjoy it, but we have had so much *bad* this winter, that I have been obliged to set by my fire-side, and as I never set upright but continually leaning against the back of my chair; the coat which I generally wear, is so worn in the back, by continually rubbing against it, as to be no longer fit for use. This circumstance has caused much merriment in the family where I reside, and at my expence, for I must confess I never before saw one so worn in that part, as it mostly lasts longest.

It is now time to speak more immediately concerning my present intentions: my title has before been used by one *dear* to every friend of genius, and every friend of virtue. This was Dr. Johnson. His essays do not however, correspond with their title. They are elegant, correct, and original, and savour no more of idleness and its concomitant carelessness, than the metaphysical essays of Locke, or the philosophy of Bacon. Johnson never wrote like an *idler*: when he was idle he did not write at all, for Murphy his biographer informs us, that a person (whose name I do not now recollect) went to see him at his lodgings, intending from thence to send a letter into town, but found him, *an author by profession!* destitute of pen, ink, or paper!

I have before hinted to the reader, that he is not to expect from me either "elegance or originality," my reflections and observations will not possess much of either, and I full well know, I shall not be able to lay any claim to that praise, which is bestowed on those who give "*ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.*"

The theatre is a place much resorted to by persons of my habits, and dispositions; and as I often frequent it, shall occasionally indulge myself with remarks on those new pieces which may be from time to time presented, and also on the performance of them.

Before I close this number, I ought to remark, that I shall be assisted in my work, by one in every respect the reverse of myself. He is active, persevering, and industrious: in the next number I shall give a more particular account of him and his character, which together with a communication from him (now in my hands) will furnish ample matter for the second number.

It is now time to desist. I never intend to stretch my numbers to an unreasonable length, which would be quite inconsistent with my character, and by no means agreeable to myself; and truly when I look back on what I have done, and forward, to what I intend to do, so different from any thing I ever attempted before, I may well exclaim in the words of my motto "*nil fuit unquam sic dispar sibi*," nothing was ever before so unlike itself.

J.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

The writings with the subsequent signature were a part of the M.S. of a deceased friend — It is believed, that no account of them has been before made public.

NO. I.

SINCERITY IN CONVERSATION.

Among too many other instances of the corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world has grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if a man measure his words by his heart, and speak as he thinks, he rarely escapes the censure of ill-breeding.

That plainness and sincerity, the generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is, in a great measure lost among us: there prevails a strong endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of European excesses.

The dialect of conversation is so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited with expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man who lived one or two centuries ago should return into the world, he would really be unable to understand his own language, and to know the intrinsic value of the phrases in fashion; he would hardly, at first, believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness, pass in current payment, and it would be a long time before he could bring himself, with a good countenance, and a good conscience, to converse with men in their own way, upon equal terms.

It is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our contempt, or our pity, to hear what solemn expressions of respect and esteem pass between people upon every trivial occasion; what great honour they will profess for one, whom, perhaps, they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on a sudden devoted to his interest, without an apparent cause; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him from no motive, and how extremely concerned and afflicted on no account.

I know it is said in justification for this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit, in compliments, for the matter is well enough, as long as we understand each other; that words are like money, and when their current value is understood, no man is cheated by them. This would be something, if those words were of any effect; but being brought into the account, they are mere cyphers. It is a matter of just complaint, that sincerity and frankness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lie; that the use of speech is so perverted as to be made to signify nothing, and that, generally, it is little else than pursuing a trade of dissimulation.

If appearances are valued, it is an acknow-

ledgment that the reality is much better; for why does a man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the quality he pretends to? To counterfeit is to put on the appearance of some substantial excellence: now the best way to appear what we aspire to, is to be so in reality; besides, it is troublesome to make efficient the pretence of a good quality, as to obtain it, and in the former case, the imposition will sooner or later be discovered.

Whatever convenience is thought to be in falsehood, it is of short duration; but the inconvenience is perpetual: distrust and suspicion, on every occasion, will be lavished upon those who are detected.

When a man has once forfeited his reputation for integrity, he becomes careless of his future conduct, and gradually abandons himself to every species of wickedness.

Z.

MISCELLANY.

THE FINE ARTS.

When we review the page of ancient history, we shall find, that when Rome was free, the fine arts gradually attained to great perfection, till the fetters of tyranny and oppression deprived her of her rights and liberties: in Greece, they appear to have arrived at their height about the time of Alexander the Great: but from that moment they rapidly declined, with the energy of a free people.

Petronius Arbitrator ascribes the decline of the fine arts in Rome, to opulence, avarice, and luxury. "Immersed," he says, "in drunkenness and debauchery, we want the spirit to cultivate the arts we possess; we study vice alone, and vice is all we teach." From this it may be inferred, that opulence with its attendants, tend to depress rather than to encourage the fine arts; and although by the immense wealth of individuals, many artists are introduced to public notice, who might otherwise have passed their lives in obscurity, yet how small is the number of such, when compared with those on whose superior abilities Fortune has never deigned to smile, who are doomed to pass their days the inhabitants of a garret, the miserable children of penury and woe!

If, therefore, opulence and luxury are unfavourable to the progress of the fine arts, they will flourish in that nation, where the government holds sacred the liberty of the subject, and into which these vices have made small inroads; the people being alike interested to serve each other, and increase the general happiness, a spirit of laudable emulation will arise, genius will shine in its native splendour, and true merit universally meet with its just reward.

The best models of statuary have appeared in Italy, and the greater part of them the productions of artists when Italy was free.

The revolutions of empires, no doubt, frequently alter national characters; but mankind are not yet so depraved, nor so destitute of reason, as to be deaf to the voice of liberty. And in that state where true freedom exists, the fine arts will increase in perfec-

tion, in a much greater degree, than where the gorgeous palace, and the splendid equipage, alone are permitted to demand the most servile respect; but where numbers of honest and ingenious artists are suffered to drag through life, cold and destitute, contemned and ridiculed by pride and ignorance.

DIVERSITY.

Proximity is the source of friendship, and our affections vary also according to the degrees of proximity. The quality of man, which we all carry about us, implies that general benevolence which we call humanity: homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto. "I am a man, and therefore think nothing relative to mankind, foreign from my concern."

The barbarous inflexibility of Brutus, at seeing his sons put to death in his presence, was not an act altogether so disinterested as people generally imagine. The greatest of the Latin bards points to the general sense thereof in this celebrated line,

Vincet amor patriæ, laudemque immensa cupido.

"The love of Rome, and glory, shall prevail."

But he has not developed all the secret springs of interest; which, revealed, make the inhumanity of this stern Roman very glaring.

Brutus was, what man in general is: he loved himself preferably to all other objects. His sons were guilty of a crime, that tended to the destruction of Rome, yet more certainly to that of Brutus: so that, if, on one hand, paternal affection might pardon the criminality, yet self-love, directly attacked and offended thereby, aggravate the heinousness of it; and Rome, no doubt, attributed to her own glory the honour of a sentence, which Brutus had seen executed in a sacrifice to the love of himself. The victim was made not for the country's glory, but his own safety; wherefore this mistakenly boasted hero was cruel, rather through weakness than magnanimity.

The newly married, at first, behold each other with looks almost of adoration; they best know by what means they have inspired each other with such refined, nay enthusiastic tenderness. It is the effect of their mutual respect, or complaisance, and diligent attention over their exterior deportment, to let no faults be discovered, or to render the escapes of them as inoffensive as possible. Why do they not continue the same method after the honey-moon (as it is called) as before? or if even the whole of such conduct should be felt too troublesome, why do they not practise the half of their former obliging behaviour? Why do they cease making it a point to be loved, when there is so much more glory and advantage to be got by it.

The mortal who has no taste for letters, has neither a great soul, nor a sagacious mind. The arts are dedicated to delineate the complexion of beautiful nature. The arts and sciences embrace all that appears great or useful to the human mind. Therefore to

those who reject them, nothing is left for their enjoyment, but objects equally unworthy of being taught or delineated.

It is a false pretension of theirs, to say, that they are satisfied with possessing objects, about which others occupy themselves, merely in the contemplation. It is not true that people possess what they do not understand; or can esteem the reality of those things, whose representation they despise. They are proved liars by experience, and reflexion confirms the charge against them.

Most people honour letters, as they do virtue; that is, as a thing which they are not desirous of knowing or loving. However, but very few, if any persons can be so ignorant, as not to know that good books are in a manner the quintessence of the most cultivated minds, the precious abstract of their knowledge, and the golden fruit of all their researches. With the entire study of a whole life, a person capacitated may be made acquainted in a few hours. How valuable a succour! How inestimable a treasure!

We may safely assert, however, that study is but seldom of great utility, if, at the same time, it is not enlivened by an intercourse with the polite world. These two articles ought never to be separated; the one teaches us to think, the other to act; the one to speak the other to write; the one to plan our actions, the other to render the execution easy. A commerce with the polite world gives the farther advantage of thinking naturally; and an application to study, that of thinking solidly.

THE PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

The term *petits maîtres* was first applied to this great General and his followers, who, flushed with the victories of Lens, &c. which he had gained, on their return from the army to Paris, gave themselves a great many airs, and were insufferably impertinent and troublesome. Richeleu, a very good judge of men, was much struck with the precocity of talents that appeared in this Prince when he was very young. He told Chavigny, "I have been just now having a conversation of two hours with the young Duc d'Enguieu upon the art military, upon religion, and upon the interests of Europe: he will be the greatest General in Europe, and the first man of his time, and perhaps of the times to come." Louis XIV. who could never forgive the part Condé took against him in the Fronde, seems never to have entirely given him his confidence, or to have made that use of the talents of this Prince which he should have made. The Prince of Condé was a striking illustration of the observation made by the acute Dr. Johnson, that in public speaking there was often more of knack and of habit than of real talent or knowledge: for whilst Condé never rose to speak in the Parliament of Paris but to disgrace himself, Gaston his cousin, with a mind very inferior to his in every respect, was very well heard in that Assembly. His sovereign Louis XIV. once paid him a very handsome compliment. The Prince, in the latter part of his life, was very lame with the gout, and

was one day in that situation apologizing to him for making him wait for him at the top of the great stair-case at Versailles, which he was ascending very slowly. "Alas! my cousin," replied he, "who that is so loaded with laurels as yourself can walk so fast?"

The Prince was a man of some learning himself, and extremely fond of the conversation of learned and ingenious men. Moliere, Boileau, and the celebrated writers of their time, were frequently with him at Chantilly. He however expected as much deference from these great men in literary matters, as he had been used to exact from his officers at a council of war. Boileau, however, had once the spirit to contradict him on some subject of literature, of which most probably he knew more than the Prince. Condé soon fired, and darted his eyes upon him, sparkling with rage and indignation. "Upon my word," said the satirist, "in future I will take particular care to be of the same opinion with the Prince of Condé when he is in the wrong."

Pains had been early taken by some of the Prince's supposed friends to shake his belief in christianity; he always replied, "You give yourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble: the dispersion of the Jews will always be an undeniable proof to me of the truth of our holy religion."

Some writer says, that the disposition of a man is to be known by his hand-writing. This observation seems realized in this great Prince, who was a man of a very violent and hasty temper. Segráis says of him, "The Prince of Condé used to write without taking his pen from the paper till he had finished a sentence, and without putting any points or adjuncts to his letters."

THE POETRY OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

THE reigns of the II. and III. Philip were generally favourable to literature; yet neither the claims of illustrious family, nor of distinguished abilities, procured patronage for Villegas, and his long life was spent in continual hopes, and continual disappointment. At the age of fourteen, he became a student at law, at the university of Salamanca. Villegas must have regretted, in his age, the employments of his youth: for those hours that should have been sacrificed to the civilians, were given to the Greek and Roman poets; nor could the title he acquired, of the Spanish Anacreon, atone for after years of fruitless expectation, embittered by the difficulties of a narrow fortune.

His "Delicias" were, as he himself tells us, in the first of them, written at fourteen, and corrected at twenty.

A los veinte limidas,
A los catorce escritas.

They form the second book of his *Eroticas*, or Amatory poems, which he published at Nagera, in 1618. These poems are said to unite in themselves the sweetness of Anacreon, the simplicity of Theocritus, the ease of Horace, and the elegance of Catullus. In fine (says the editor of *Parnaso Espanol*) he

has displayed whatever constitutes a great poet, rendering himself the first of his own nation, and equally the most celebrated of antiquity.

Something must be allowed for the prodigality of a Spaniard's praise; something for the age and country in which Villegas wrote; and something for the errors of a work, "written at fourteen, and corrected at twenty." The poems are trifling, like their subjects, playful and elegant. One, perhaps the best of the series, addressed to a stream, has lately been translated. The following is attempted in the Anacreontic metre of the original, varying, however, the uniformity of cadence, which would otherwise weary an English ear:

TO WINTER.

ENOUGH, enough, old Winter!
Thou workest to annoy us,
With cold, and rain, and tempest,
When snows have hid the country,
And rivers cease to flow.
The flocks and herds accuse thee,
And even the little ermine
Complains of thee, old Winter!
For thou to man art freezing,
And his white fur is warm.
The beast they crouch in cover,
The birds are cold and hungry,
The birds are cold and silent,
Or with a weak complaining
They call thee hard and cruel.
But not to me, old Winter
Thy tyranny extends;
For I have wine and music,
The cheerful hearth and song.

The reputation of these poems has been severely attacked, in an essay, prefixed to the posthumous poems of Don Joseph Iglecias de la Casa, printed at Salamanca, 1793. "The *Delicias* of Villegas (says the anonymous writer) are the first poems of their kind which obtained celebrity in the Spanish language. Our author has likewise exercised himself in the same line of composition, and he has excelled his model in the beauty and selection of his images and more particularly in the sweetness and nature of his sentiments. For, although Villegas may have possessed a feeling heart, he knew not how to develop it in his verses.

"You will be astonished to see me treat with so little respect, a poet of such high estimation. But the fame of this writer, like that of many others, is merely the fame of tradition; not founded upon his real merit, but upon the opinion of some person, who knew how to impose upon the mob of readers. This assertion may appear somewhat bold, if we consider when Don Vicent de los Rios published and panegyricized Villegas. Then, perhaps, his poems were a model of good taste, but in what a state was our literature then! What should be said of a poet, whose verses are full of ridiculous transpositions, low words and phrases, forced and obscure metaphors, ill-timed allusions, and pedantic erudition, that are bald of imagery, and totally devoid of feeling? These faults mark every part of every work of Villegas; and notwithstanding the Greek

name in the title-page, you never hear in them the language of love. It avails not, my friend, to be learned in Greek and Latin, if good taste be wanting. Let us undeceive ourselves; Villegas would have been forgotten by this time, had it not been for the harmonious cadence of his verses; there, indeed he is excellent."

The censure of the essayist is too unqualified. Of all poems, such as are entitled *Amatory*, are most devoid of feeling. Petrarch and Hammond are distinguished by fantastic nonsense, and whining dullness; and wherever Cupid is subjoined into a poem, his evidence is sufficient to prove, that the poet was not in love. A bee mistakes the lips of Lydia for a rose. Lydia sees Cupid asleep, and steals his bow and arrows.—The poet abjures the stars to tell Lydia that her forehead is more polished than silver, and her teeth whiter than pearls. If an author abandons himself to write upon such subjects, you are not to expect human feelings.

Strange and uncouth metaphors are undoubtedly to be found in the poems of Villegas. He addresses a stream, "thou who runnest over sands of gold, with feet of silver."—"Touch my breast (says he) if you doubt the power of Lydia's eyes, you will find it turned to ashes." He has hyperbolized the Spanish hyperbolic salutation, "may you live a thousand years!" and wishes that the young grandee, to whom the first of his *Delicias* is addressed, may enjoy more years than there are days in an age, drops of water in the ocean, and grains of sand on the shore. "Thou art so great (says he) that thou canst only imitate thyself with thy own greatness." Joshua Sylvester calls Du Bartas' *Weeks*,

Then noblest work
After itself's condignity.

So that, "none but himself can be his parallel" is not an unparalleled line, and when Aaron Hill defended it, he might have found precedents enough for nonsense. But absurdities, like these, are not abundant in Villegas; and it should be remembered, that these are selected from the productions of his youth.

Anacreon may be read with pleasure in the translation of the Spaniards who has been honoured with his name; nor will he, who peruses the version of Villegas, remember to its disadvantage the harmony of Grecian cadence. He has likewise introduced hexameters and Sapphics, with success, into his native language; and even the critic who so severely attacks the *Froticas*, calls his Sapphic ode to Zephyrus most beautiful (*bel-lissima oda*). A translation of this piece into English Sapphics, has been lately published in the same work with his *Lines to a Stream*.

From Salamanca, Villegas returned to Nagera, his native place: here he lived with his mother, then a widow, and availed himself of leisure and retirement to follow his favourite studies, till his marriage.—His marriage appears to have been a fortunate

one; the account he has left is interesting:

Hymen! ere yet, with chaste heart, I
pass'd

Thy threshold, I hung up the idle lute:
For better offerings suit thy blessed shrine,
Oh, holy Pow! I gather now no more
Garlands of gay and perishable flowers,
But in the summer-tide of life present
The summer fruits. Enough were thirty
years

Of youth and folly. Even the mettled steed,
Obedient to the rein, will bend at last
His stately-arching neck. The blood grows
cool,

Passions' wild tempests to a quiet calm
Subside; and from the witcheries of Vice
Her waken'd captive starts. Oh, holy Pow-
er!

Who but would bow the neck to thee, and
court

The freedom of thy yoke? With thankful
heart

I bless thee, Hymen, for that seraph form,
In whom thou givest me another soul,
Doubling existence. Thou hast given to
me

Truth, tenderness, and all the nameless
joys

Of quiet life, making me live indeed!
Who but would bow the neck to thee, and
court

The freedom of thy yoke? Oh, holy Power!
I have escap'd from Babylon, and bless
Thy saviour aid.

As these lines indicate, Villegas now bade adieu to poetry, and applied himself to such studies as were likely to be more esteemed, and better rewarded. Two folio volumes of classical criticism, entitled *Varia Philologia*, yet remain in manuscript, to witness his learning and industry; and he began the more laborious task of commenting upon the Theodosian Code. But no exertion of genius, or of industry, could procure him such patronage as he deserved and wanted; and when, in his old age, experience had convinced him of the vanity of his hopes, he employed the latter days of life in translating the *Consolations of Philosophy*, fully participating, perhaps, the proud and melancholy feeling; that comforted Boethius.

THE PRISONER—A RECENT FACT.

"A dreadful din was wont
To grate the sense, when entered here, from
groans,
And howls of slaves condemned, from clink of
chains,
And crash of rusty bars, and creaking hinges!
And ever and anon the light was dashed
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners."

CONGREVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence;

but the capture of the West India fleet, in the late bloody and protracted war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and, with her infant son, she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve, from day to day, had fled; but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under his influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness—endue me with fortitude to appear before thee:—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries—Chase not sleep from her, till I am dead—The keeper interrupted his devotion by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more.

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery—He who with apathy, had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request—Nature, for once, predominated in a gaoler.

At this instant the child cried!—O heavens, said Henry, I am too guilty to have my prayer heard.—He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment.—At last he thus broke out—"This is too much—My heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day."

What do I hear, replied Henry?—Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper?—Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate—

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the ordinary advanced to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a pardon, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed. Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy.—She ran to the Man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane gaoler freed him from his fetters.

BIOGRAPHY.

(Concluded from page 47.)

"MATHEMATICAL truths are laws which the Deity hath established in nature, as a king institutes laws in his kingdom; there are none of those laws which we may not comprehend: but we cannot comprehend the greatness of God, although we know him."

"For my part," says he in another place, it appears but reasonable, that we should never dare to assert that any thing is impossible to God; because all that is true, is good, and therefore entirely dependent on his power: wherefore it is a wanton impertinence to say, he cannot make a hill without a valley, or prevent one and two from making the number three. All that I can, and ought to say upon such occasions is, that the Deity has given me a mind, whose nature is so disposed, as that it cannot conceive a hill without a valley, nor prevent its believing, that the aggregate of one and two make the number of three."

This reservedness of Des Cartes, carried perhaps too far, shocked some people so much, as to induce them to accuse him of a kind of criminality, for occasionally avoiding to employ the term of God, and substitute the word Angel in its place, which he did through a zealous respect for the Deity; yet one Beceman conceived the strange and absurd notion of Des Cartes meaning thereby to compare himself to the angels, through an unpardonable excess of vanity.

To a charge of so extraordinary a complexion Des Cartes thought proper to reply, and in the following manner: "The reproach you have started against me of having equalled, or put myself in comparison with angels, is so extravagant, that no person, but one of an insane mind, could, I think, have uttered such a ridiculous falsehood, which I hope however is not your case, and judge that this accusation proceeds from some latent malevolence; if so, I forgive you: but hence, no doubt, you have drawn the occasion of this chimerical imputation; because that, in opposition to the common usage of not only philosophers, but even of theologians also, who at every time that they want to prove it to be absolutely repugnant to reason, that such a thing should be done, are accustomed to say, It is what God himself cannot do, I, who had been always hurt by such presumptuous expressions, have, through a sense of pure humility, as often as the occasion presented itself, of saying, like others, God cannot do such a thing! been satisfied with saying an angel could not do such a thing. It is therefore very disagreeable to me to have incurred this impeachment; and I solemnly aver, that the expression I used was owing to the dictates of modesty."

He was so thoroughly satisfied in regard to the evidence of his demonstration of the existence of a God, as not to hesitate preferring it to any that is given for mathematical truths. Yet the minister Voetius, his determined enemy, instead of censuring our philosopher for having but badly refuted a-

theism, accuses Des Cartes of being himself an atheist, although without being able to cite any other proof than that of his having written against atheists. What a new fangled and absurd way of proceeding! But that it might appear to be less so, Voetius fancied, that the example of Vanini would aptly serve his purpose, by proving through him that Des Cartes was not the first atheist who had written in appearance against atheism; for that Vanini had done the same.

Provoked by such impertinence and malice, Des Cartes could not refrain from answering the wicked forger of so ridiculous a calumny, in a Latin letter which he wrote to him. The scandalous report was, however, zealously propagated by several other mistakenly pious enemies; to which they added the reproach of his abetting the most unaccountable notions of scepticism: yet they had not a firmer basis to found their accumulated lies upon than idly saying, forsooth, that Des Cartes seemed to them as it were to insinuate, "that we ought to deny, at least for some time, that there is a God; that God might deceive; that we ought to call every thing into doubt; that we should have no faith in our senses, and that sleeping and waking could not be distinguished."

Des Cartes was very much stung by such unmerited accusations, and gave vent to his irritated feeling in an answer to this purpose: "I have expressly refuted, and in the most evident manner, all those articles for which I am reproached by calumniating ignorance; nay, I have even defeated them with the strongest arguments, much stronger than any that had ever been employed before me; and in order to do it more commodiously, as well as more efficaciously, I proposed all those articles, as things merely doubtful, at the beginning of my meditations. I am not the first man who either invented or started them. Have they not for a long series of time, and frequently, been proposed by the advocates of scepticism? Can any proceeding be more unjust, than that of ascribing to an author those very opinions, which he proposes only for the better refuting of them? Is it not the height of impudence to falsely hint, that they are proposed indeed, but not refuted; and that consequently he who alledges the arguments of atheism, is himself an atheist for some time? Can any thing be more puerile than to say, that if such a person should die without having made out, or written, the demonstration which he had hoped for, he expires an atheist? Some may yet object to me perhaps, that I have not mentioned those false opinions as coming from any body else, but as from myself: and what then, since in the very book where they are quoted I have refuted them?"

All persons endowed with a candid mind and an honest heart, have, from reading the meditations and principles of Des Cartes, always derived consequences quite contrary to those calumnious charges brought against him. His works have not to this day perverted any person to become an atheist, who had believed in the existence of a God before. Nay, on the contrary, they have made

converts of some atheists. A shining evidence of this truth was Beck, a Swedish painter, who publicly declared, at the French ambassador's hotel in Stockholm, their having had that effect upon him.

This great man has had illustrious disciples, at the head of whom Malbranche may be placed, who has not however followed him in every thing. The next in rank were Rohaut, Regis, &c. whose works are now existing. The new explanation of the motion of the planets, by Mr. Villemot, a rector at Lyons, printed in the year 1707, is the first, and perhaps the most masterly performance that has been written in defence of the tourbillons or vorticular system.

The philosophy of Des Cartes encountered with great difficulties before it could be admitted in France. The parliament was about publishing an edict against it, which they were humourously diverted from, by the appearance in print of a burlesque request in favour of Aristotle, written by, and that may now be seen in the works of Boileau. That ingenious author, under the pretext of undertaking a defence of the peripatetic philosophy, turns it into ridicule, so true is Horace's *ridiculum acri*, &c.

In fine, the Cartesian system of physics was universally received and approved till Newton's arose, and shewed the inanity of it, which continued however in the adoption of our universities for a considerable time; till, losing ground by degrees, at last some declared partizans of Newtonianism appeared in France; and this philosophic invasion (to the great alarm of weak and partial minds, who looked upon it as an evil) has made a surprisingly rapid progress, insomuch that our scientific academists are now all Newtonians; and professors of the several universities fear not to teach publicly in their schools the English philosophy.

Whatever conclusive judgment may be formed of Des Cartes's System of Physics, we cannot help looking upon this great man as a sublime genius, and a philosopher who reasoned very consequently; much more so than most of his followers, who have adopted some of his opinions, and admitted others without properly attending to the close connection subsisting among all those of Des Cartes.

A modern philosopher, and a man of shining wit, as well as an elegant writer, namely, Abbé de Gamaches, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has demonstrated, at the beginning of his Physical Astronomy, that for a Cartesian reasoner there is no need of any absolute motion; and it is a necessary consequence of Des Cartes's opinion, that extent and matter are one and the same thing: yet most Cartesians believe in an absolute motion, by confounding extent with matter.

His opinion concerning the mechanism of animals is very favourable to the doctrine of the spirituality and immortality of the soul; and those who relinquish him in this article, ought at least to own that the difficulties which may be started against the souls of animals, if not irresolvable, are very perplexing to a Christian philosopher. The same re-

mark may be made upon several other articles in Des Cartes's philosophy. The structure of it is vast, noble, and extensive. It is a pity that the age in which he lived could not have furnished him with better materials than those he found. We ought always, according to Fontenelle, to admire Des Cartes, and sometimes follow him.

The persecutions which this philosopher underwent for having declared war against prejudice and ignorance, ought to supply a consolation to those who, from having been animated with a similar courage, may be exposed to a like series of adverse fortune. Des Cartes is now honoured in his own country, where perhaps he might have led a more wretched life than he did in Holland.

EUGENIO.

(Continued from p. 46.)

"THOUGH my poor parents almost beggared themselves to support me with respectability, all would not do; and my circumstances were so low, as hardly to suffice for my bare maintenance. The reverence I feel for the principle of every institution which has the good of mankind for its object, makes me cautious how I reprove; for there is a spirit of correction, which chases away the good with the evil, and which, in its zeal for completing the beauty of a building, destroys the cement on which its existence depends. But I cannot avoid, in this place, expressing my concern, that means are not more industriously used, to lower the rate of living at college, by a close enquiry into frauds and excessive charges, by the prevention of long credit, and a clearer exposition of college accounts. I had not been above three weeks in my new situation, before I began to be weary of the society into which I had entered, and to draw upon myself no small portion of hatred and persecution. I was nicknamed Major Strutt; my windows were frequently broken, and my doors were scribbled over with low and contemptible scurrility. The high and dignified notions which my father had taken such pains to rear in my mind, were in a great measure the cause of this odium; yet it is but fair to confess that whereas these were mixed and qualified in my father's mind with a thousand soft and humane ingredients, in mine they soon hardened into a firm and indissoluble frame, and bred within me a degree of misanthropy and choler which neither reason nor religion has yet been able to subdue."

"I cannot help thinking, however," cried Mr. Barville with some earnestness and precipitation, "that you do not yourself understand all the ingredients of this boiling spirit. I will take upon myself to affirm that inhumanity is not one of them; and I am persuaded that your severity was principally directed against yourself. You carry your own eulogy in your countenance, and that is a testimony which I never dispute." Eugenio bowed and shook his head, while a tear trickled down his face, as he thus proceeded—

"A thousand boyish and pitiful insults continued to be levelled at my peace, but they were yet too weak and diminutive to provoke any thing more than contempt; I

treated the whole pack with sovereign indifference; and I really believe that hitherto the mortification was greater on their side than my own. My loftiness of temper, and the scorn expressed in my countenance, challenged their utmost malignancy. Hints were at length thrown out in disparagement of my birth, and derogatory to the virtue of my mother as well as the courage and honour of my father. This atrocious attack applied a torch to my feelings, and kindled them into a blaze of indignation. What methods I took to vindicate the honour of my family are perhaps as well omitted: they were such as compelled my calumniators to contradict in writing the infamous reports they had spread, and even further, to write severally to their parents in the spirit of abjuration and remorse; which letters I put myself into the post, and in a few days received answers, filled with expressions of shame and sorrow for the ignominious conduct of their sons. These letters, together with their recantations, I took care to make sufficiently public: my enemies were abashed, and an interval of peace succeeded. This suspension of hostilities was, however, only a breathing-time for my persecutors, and the same infamous tales continued to be propagated.

"My disgust now rose to such a pitch, that I lived a whole year in entire solitude, nourishing the pride of my spirit, and my contempt for those around me."—At this moment, a gentleman of the neighbourhood called in; and Eugenio and myself in the interim, took a walk into the garden. I seized this opportunity of entreating him to continue one day longer among us, and was secretly delighted at his ready acquiescence, and with his manner of expressing his compliance. "My dear sir," said he, pressing my hand, "I don't know what it is which gives you this power over me, but I feel that I can refuse you nothing. The complacency I read in your looks, helps to tranquillise my own thoughts—and it seems as if my spirits could find in your friendship a harbour from those storms within and without me, to which I am ever exposed." A tear which stood in my eyes at this moment, assured him of those sympathetic feelings which were really too strong to suffer me to answer him directly; and taking courage from this omen he addressed me as follows.

"I am aware, that I have been much my own enemy in relating the particulars of a life so sullied with errors both of sentiment and practice—of the heart and of the head. If, however, without displaying a fresh instance of that pride which it is my resolution to overcome, I may look to an event so much above my deserts, as the acquisition of your friendship, I shall hope yet to redeem myself in your opinion, by summoning all the resources of reason and philosophy to this work of reformation. I am convinced that in nothing the justice of Providence is more conspicuous than in the balance of strength, the action and reaction with which our minds are endued. There is sufficient vigour for the controul of our passions wherever there is the will to exert it; but the armour of the mind, like that of the body, must be polish-

ed by use, and preserved from the rust of neglect, or, like that it becomes a testimony to our reproach, and a monument of our cowardice and degeneracy. I have it written in my heart, that the time is coming, when I shall resume the empire of my feelings, and drive out this capricious and cruel usurper, this petty tyrant to which I have been so long enslaved. Assist me, my good Sir, in these resolutions: your friendship and counsel will ensure them success, if Providence, permit me to return to so great a blessing from the doubtful errand in which I am embarking."

Here he left off speaking, and I could perceive that his bosom was discharged of a considerable burthen. "My dear Sir," I replied, "you have made this day the most interesting, and perhaps the happiest of my life. You have given me great preferment in my own eyes by calling me your friend; and trust me, it shall be my future study to deserve so honourable a title. As for the work of reformation, I look upon it as already done: to walk in the train of your triumph without a share in the victory, is all that is left to me; but this will content my ambition; and I shall sympathise in your glory, as much as if it reflected honour on my own exertions. But do not refuse me the satisfaction of knowing the nature of that doubtful errand on which you are bent. I may be in time to contribute to the safety of your person, though I am too late to assist in the consummation of your virtue."

"If you can bear with me," replied Eugenio, "to the end of my little history, you will know what is the object of the errand to which I have alluded."—At this moment Mr. Barville and Amelia joined company with us. As we were all impatient for the sequel of Eugenio's story, Amelia conducted us to a bower at the end of the walk, where my friend thus proceeded: "All this while however I was careful to plant no thorns in the bosoms of my parents; I read over and over each letter that I sent to them or my poor little Sophy (for that was my sister's name) that no inadvertent expression might escape me, to betray the situation of my mind; and during the few weeks I spent with them, I feigned all the complacency I could possibly assume, though I could perceive, by the anxiety expressed in my mother's countenance, that my dissimulation was not as successful as I had hoped."

"In spite of my abstinence from all the diversions of my age, my expences were considerably greater than my income. To confess the truth, in money concerns, I was already as much a soldier as my father, who would long ere this have swallowed up his little revenue, had not my mother's excellent management suspended the blow, to fall in the end with redoubled violence."—Here Mr. Barville interposed.—"And can you not," said he, "call to mind any secret donations to the indigent and distressed, which might help a little to impoverish you? Did no truant guinea steal away in some holiday of the spirits, when an object of misery has thrown itself in the way of your compassion, and betrayed this misanthropy which you

profess to have felt, into a momentary slumber?"—"Indeed Sir," replied Eugenio, "there need no such collateral drains, to account for my poverty: the direct expences of an university life, are a sufficient reason for a man's becoming poor, whose pocket is but moderately supplied. I will not deny that sometimes the imbecility of my mind may have drawn me into such imprudences: for what better title do these feelings deserve which induced me to dissipate money that was not my own? in the order of moral duties, justice precedes generosity."

"I know," interrupted Mr. Barville, "that you will pardon a curiosity which results from the deep solicitude I feel in all that concerns you. An absolute seclusion from society for a whole year, appears to me a situation so dreadful, that I can hardly conceive a mind endued with strength to support it; but as your quarrel seems only to have been with our sex, you may perhaps have derived consolations from the other, which were capable of very much softening this sentence of solicitude." (To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

WINTER—SKETCH SECOND.

SEE now from northern climes the chilling tempest,
Comes threat'ning;—and its gelid wings distended
With embryo snows, groans 'neath the awful burthen,
And hoarsely murmur'ing.

Spreads o'er the frozen ground, the fair cold carpet:
The late green plain from human view concealing;
Chilling the babbling brooks, and mighty rivers,
With cold resistless.

Behold yon stream*, hard as the marble pavement.
Its course by winter's vig'rous arm arrested,
Resounds beneath the course of youthful skaters
Seeking amusement.

Behold, swift as the hunted deer they're flying,
Cutting their steely way along the hard ice,
In one strait line; then frolicsome and sportive,
They move in circles.

There too is heard the noisy carman's clamour,
Calling Gee, Haw, Wo, to his weary horses,
There too the merry jingling of the sleigh-bell,
The ear salutes oft.

How strange the sight! there vessels once were sailing,
There oft the boatmen at the oar were tugging:
There roll'd blue waves on which the cheering moon beams,
Tranquilly played.

* Delaware.

Now on its banks Commerce sits sad and lonely,
Close to her shiv'ring frame, her pinions folded;
She mourns her adverse fate;—her sons distressed

By winter's rigour.

Cheerless they view the lively scene before them.
The carman's noise, the merry jingling sleigh-bell,
The skaiter's mirth, and all no charm possesses

To cheer their bosoms.

They wish the ice remov'd to distant Greenland,
They wish the snow pil'd high on Alpine mountains,
They wish to see the wings of weeping commerce.

Again unfolded.

And though at Her shrine, I'm no humble vot'ry,
And but what men are pleased to call—a poet;
Yet do I wish to feel the vernal breezes,
Salute my bosom.

Oh Gentle Spring, most dearly do I love thee,
For thou dost reign with such delightful mildness,
Softly thy zephyrs kiss the glowing flowrets,
That gild the meadows.

Oh 't fills my bosom with such sweet sensations,
To see the hills so green—the vallies smiling,
And hear the tenants of the new clad forests
So sweetly singing.

Soon thou wilt come to cheer us with thy presence,
Deck'd in thy brightest robes, and smiling nature
Rejoicing in thy reign, shall hail thee welcome
Delightful season.

ALFRED.

Errata. In the last: second verse, line third, for the lowest bases, read their lowest bases; 4th verse, 4th line, the word where should be attached to the preceding line; 15th verse, for offsprings, read offsprings.
In the description of moonlight, page 34, for still and skiffing, read still drifting. A.

A person lately commenced business, promises to be of exceeding advantage to society; and if we are to judge by the avidity with which his stocks are consumed by the people of this city, he has certainly realised his expectations. After showing in a forcible manner the necessity of certain accomplishments to bear us through the world with a dignified face, divested of all the uncouth drapery of "modesty," "decorum" "sobriety," &c. he concludes with the following N. B. "Men of fashion supplied with the most approved genuine oaths, capable of variation, should they be sullied from use, by the vulgar; advice of highly res-

pected genteel houses of entertainment, within the jurisdiction of Venus and Bacchus, given at reasonable prices; every accommodation made for playing at cards, dice, billiards, &c. &c. Ladies can have at any hour, dresses a la mode, shewing to great advantage the ancles, though they should be thick or clumsy, and displaying at one view, the back, neck, &c. in elegant symmetry; they are also informed, that he has yet on hand, several gross of patent irons for extracting the foliage from the eye-brows. He assures his constant customers of this sex, that the veins, face and neck will receive additional lustre from a preparation made since the disposal of his last supply, and which improvement has been found to be an infallible remedy for pink or violet elbows and will enable them to uncover the arm as far as the shoulder, without impairing the skin's whiteness. He has female wigs of all colours, admirably constructed to contain small phials of cosmetics, and that when a lady is so much overcome by exertion or dancing as to occasion perspiration, the noxious vapours arising from it are repelled by odours issuing from under the wig."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Maryland pun by S, would not bear a second perusal.

"An Essay on Hope" has only the merit of a new dress; the consequences of it, as described by the writer, are entirely centered in his laconic motto:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is but always to be bless'd."

The poetic description of winter, contains many ludicrous similes:

"And breath of steed upon his nostrils stands
In white array, as if by barber's hands."

Again,

"And o'er the town hangs a perpetual cloke,
Of sooty volumes of the chimney's smoke."

The aliteration and concluding couplet are not without merit:

"No more the songsters warble in each grove
To cheer the morn and tell their plaints of love;
No shade now here that sav'd from summer's heat,
No limpid brooks that murmur'd at our feet,
No Zephyr gently breathing o'er the hill,
No distant clacking from the winding mill:
But howling blasts, and furious winds arise
With dreadful force that seems to shake the skies."

Several fanciful flights in other parts of the poem might be read with pleasure: but it is hoped, that the future, performances of "GEORGE" will be less culpable.

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